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A PLEA FOR THE ELEVATION OF OUR TEACHERS.

Many are the voices which come to us from the ages of the past; but perhaps none speak in louder tones, or convey more valuable instruction to us as an infant people, than those which proclaim that "*true* national greatness must spring from the nation's mind." The day, thank Heaven, is past, when nations are to bow at a tyrant's nod; when the sword is to be the only arbiter of justice; when the favored *few* are to sport with the lives and fortunes of the *many*.

The intellect of the *people* is awaking from its long slumber—the shades of that night which have so long brooded over the world of mind are dispersing—the dawn of a new day is breaking and the people can now behold those richer, brighter fields which Heaven designed for them to occupy.

Of these poets had often sung, and philosophers had seen visions; but it was reserved for *our* countrymen to catch the first view of the "promised land". With us stands the Pisgah from which was taken the first full view of the political Canaan. From the dark forests of the New World went up the shout for freedom, and at its bidding arose the majestic structure of our Free Republic. That cry has crossed the Atlantic, and at this hour all Europe is vocal with its sound.

As of old the walls of Jericho fell prostrate at the blasts of Judah's priests, so now, as if by magic power, thrones are crumbling, dynasties are falling before this universal shout for freedom. The people are advancing with irresistible might to their true position, nor can any earthly power arrest their progress. As well might the lovers of despotism think to change the course of nature itself, to send rivers back to the fountains whence they flow, or speak into life those creatures which moved on earth long before Eden bloomed for man, as to think again to crush this spirit of free inquiry. It must, it will, on.

But beautiful as this may seem in the eyes of the multitude, promising as it does inestimable good to our race, who will deny that it may be abused? and if so, will prove a powerful source of evil? The question then for us, as American patriots and philanthropists, to solve is, how shall this desire for freedom, both in thought and action be guided and governed, so that it will conduce only to the nation's welfare?

To this question there is but one answer, and that is, *educate the whole mass*. To do this, nothing seems more necessary to us, than the elevation of the teacher's profession to that place in the estimation of society which its importance demands, and of rendering him who holds it qualified for the discharge of those important duties which must devolve upon him. When speaking of teachers, we refer not to such as hold time-honored seats in our colleges and seminaries: but we go *down*, in the language of the day, to those engaged in our *common schools*, we go *down* to the men in whose hands are committed those minds which are soon to guide our national affairs, who are to sustain our institutions at home, and give us influence abroad—we go *down* to those whose privilege and duty it is to watch the first dawnings of genius—to direct the current of future thought, and thus in a great measure mould the character of this people. And we ask, *what are our teachers?* How are they regarded by society? And what is the real dignity of their position?

We may go from Maine to Mexico, and except here and there a spot where their condition has of late been more regarded, they will be found but a little above a level with the common hireling.

Nay, more, for in many cases, the dullest Pat who swings the pick on the granite hills of New England, or in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, receives a pecuniary compensation for his labors superior to that of the teacher. This we believe is *one* reason why in our public schools so many ignorant men are found who can afford to—*stay* at as low a price as the community may see fit to give—men who understand this principle if no other, that the demand must always regulate the supply, and therefore take care that the instruction given, shall be in proportion to value received. It must be admitted, that as a nation we do regard the “almighty dollar” with peculiar interest; and if the teacher can only demonstrate this to the general satisfaction, that in proportion to his qualifications, fidelity, and the respect shown him by society, money shall be made to flow into our coffers—then, if not till then, will good teachers receive a fair recompense for their labors, and hold that place in society which their profession deserves.

If railroads are to be made, canals are to be dug, mountains are to be crossed, for the sake of gain; who are the men called to superintend the work? Of course they are such as have most experience, the soundest judgment, and therefore the best qualified for the performance of their duty, and these men too, at almost any price they choose to ask. But when *mind* is to be trained, when its powers require to be unfolded and expanded in due proportion, in order to give them health and vigor, when some skillful master is needed to rouse its energies and call them into action, when this is the subject for consideration, then the great question too often is, “What is to pay?”

Another reason, though before alluded to, why no more men of superior talents will enter this interesting field is, the low estimation in which they will be regarded by community. No young man who is panting for distinction and influence in the world will consent to live in silence and obscurity, even if he does believe that future generations would rise up and do justice to his memory. No, society must be made to feel that the teacher is no menial, but rather that he holds a most honorable and important place among its members. When this is so, we shall not find so many engaged in our academies for the sake of the means by

which to pursue some other profession, making this a stepping stone by which to ascend higher in the scale of being—they will be men whose souls are in the work. Nor do we believe the day is far distant, when with as much honor it will be said, "I am a Teacher," as is now obtained by saying "I am a Lawyer," a "Doctor," or "a Clergyman." This will be the case when his value in society is duly appreciated.

The other Professions gained not their present distinction above the more common walks in life till it was found they were highly useful to the race. But eighteen centuries ago, the clergy sallied forth a poor, despised and persecuted band; but planting their feet on the eternal rock of truth, they were able to withstand all the buffetings and scourgings heaped upon them; till at length men found that in their hands had been committed those principles which alone give happiness on earth, and secure for the soul a glorious immortality beyond the grave; then did the minister of the gospel take the place he now holds, revered in society, and there he must continue to stand dispensing good to his fellows. It is interesting too, to review the early history of society, as it arose out of a political chaos, and mark how the lawyer came into existence, and to trace his course as step by step he has risen in the estimation of community. Probably in many cases he was then as now, a sort of "necessary evil," still, *necessary* to settle the relations of man with man, the rights of property, &c. Now at the bar, or in the council of the nation he holds a mighty power, is honored by the world. And thus we might go on citing cases, "*ad infinitum*," which go to substantiate the proposition that professions, and other occupations in life take their rank according to the benefit they promise to society.

Now what is the prerogative of a teacher, which entitles him to a place among the honored of earth? Phidias is famed for embodying his lofty conceptions in statues of marble, ivory and gold; he breathed into them the soul of beauty, they became animate with life. But a Pestalozzi has embodied his *ideal* in *mind*, he has given a beautiful form to that, which when marble and gold have "crumbled into dust," will continue to increase in beauty and glory, stretching on towards the infinite.

A Milton has entered "the outer court" of the temple on high, and caught the full "choral swells" as they rolled from the heavenly organ. The teacher tunes the chords of the youthful soul to vibrate in sweet harmony with those notes which fall from that poet's heavenly harp to earth.

The herald of the gospel proclaims his tidings from the "walls of Zion," but they come to those who are absorbed in the cares of this world; yet the teacher may unfold to the listening ear of childhood the precepts of religion and morality, and thus excite in its mind feelings of devotion to its Creator, and a love for its fellow-beings in whatever condition they are found, whether in poverty and distress, or in opulence and joy.

The statesman takes the helm to guide our ship of state, amid the storms and fury of popular excitement, but the teacher enters the cave of Æolus, and calms the fury of his breath.

Thus Philip said, "My son Alexander rules Macedon; for he rules his mother, his mother rules me, and I am king of Macedon."

We claim for this profession an equally important sphere with that which is held by the professors in our colleges. Its field is wider; it has to do with the first buddings of intellect. From the boundless fields of knowledge it has to collect those rich treasures which will inspire the youthful mind with earnest longings to know still more.

Behind him lies the history of our race, and if he has ever surveyed the extended field himself, he can point to events which will thrill the youthful soul with deep emotions, and induce it at once to set off in search of other records to read for itself. Science too "in her Temple sits afar" and beckons him to approach with his youthful group. In their rambles, the flowers which blossom beside their path are made to speak their gentle lessons. Hand in hand with his pupils he enters the caves of earth, and points to the records which the finger of the Almighty has traced upon the enduring rock, records of revolutions which shook earth to her very centre, long before our race had being. In mute awe and wonder they stand among those fossil remains and feel as if they were in the great "charnel house" of a burial world. Instinctive-

ly does the mind rise and fasten on Him who laid the foundations of the earth in darkness.

And when night has spread her curtain, then he points upward to the heavens, and though his pupils may not yet be able to survey them with mathematical exactness, yet when he tells them that the Astronomer has a balance by which he weighs suns, moons and stars—that he makes earth his chariot to wheel him on from point to point, in its grand circuit, till he can fix the boundaries and mark out the course for those far off worlds of light—then is the desire to *know*, planted in the breast, which if cherished will rest satisfied only in its realization.

And thus we might continue to enumerate those sublime truths, of which a mere glance needs only be taken in order to fill the youthful soul with longings for the time when it may grasp them.

And when those who are acquainted with these truths and know how to present them in a simple and attractive form, become our teachers; when those of high moral sentiment leave their impress on the minds of our children,—when are taught some of the vital principles which can alone give perpetuity to our *free institutions*, thus wresting the people from the influence of demagogues—when *all* without distinction of caste are educated under such masters, then may we expect to see great and powerful minds starting out from the abodes of poverty and wretchedness—our influence world-wide—our republic glowing with life and beauty, scattering a healthful influence over other and distant nations, and the schoolmaster sitting in its highest seats of honor, rewarded, respected and loved by all mankind.

T. B. H.

A POEM.

[Strain 1st. In which the young man tells the young woman in moving numbers of his "Whole Course of Love."]

I love as only he can love whom disappointment's breath
His longings for affection pure has chilled with early death;

I love as only he can love who has sought the world around,
 To find that which in thy pure soul and heaven alone is found.
 I've seen the pride of many lands, communed with many a heart—
 And felt that thrill from many an eye which only eyes impart,
 And as I gazed have bowed my soul as to a goddess pure,
 And had in worship breathed out life could but the spell endure.
 Such youthful dreams are with the past; those spells are broken all;
 And I have gloried being free from love's entrancing thrall.
 I've vowed that earth should ne'er deceive nor cause my feelings pain,
 That beauty ne'er from me should hear the sigh, the prayer again.
 'Twas useless. As I gazed on thy serene and tranquil face,
 Thy lips where smiles and prayers abide in harmony and grace;
 Thy glance so spiritual and pure, I have again the feeling
 Like that which comes with gentle spring o'er earth so calmly stealing.
 A softening sweet and longing sense, a wish for one to love;
 One beaming face on which to look as we look on heaven above.
 The soul expanding earnest calls for deep and ardent draughts
 Of love, that as with wings of joy the buoyant spirit wafts.
 Oh! from the air, the flowers, the sky, the calmness of earth's slumbers,
 An inspiration I could draw, and weaving magic numbers,
 Throw fragrant verses round thy name as leaves around a flower,
 And breathe warm rays of love and faith on every flying hour.
 I've loved thee long, and long have kept the stream within my soul;
 But it has burst my bosom's banks, and rolls without control.
 Oh! wilt thou come and drink from it as from a crystal spring;
 Or with cold looks freeze up my heart into a barren thing?
 Oh! while that heart with feeling bursts, will thine be stiff and cold?
 And will thine eye no joy reflect when this my tale is told?
 And will thy bosom ne'er to me be a sweet resting place,
 Where I may lie in silent joy, while gazing on thy face?
 If so, then cease my fancy, cease thy wild and ardent dreams,
 Tear thy bright network's frail indeed, though bright as sunlight beams;
 Vow once again the sigh, the prayer of love no more to raise,
 And veiled in sorrow and in gloom go mourning all thy days.

[Strain 2d. From which it appears that the young man has been regularly taken in by the young woman. This strain is very mournful and pathetic. "Ye who have tears prepare to shed them now."]

I wooed thee not as others woo,
 In flattering silken phrases;
 But with a manly heart and true,
 I gave to thee thy beauty's due,
 And spoke deserved praises.

I bowed me not as others bow,
 Debasing manly pride;
 But still adored thy thoughtful brow,
 And uttered many a silent vow,
 While musing by thy side.

With thee I could not lightly speak;
 I was too earnest far,
 No childish favors did I seek,
 My kisses never stained thy cheek,
 But hadst thou been a star,

The idol of a heathen shrine;
 Thou couldst not have possessed,
 A sacrifice more true than mine,
 Devotion deeper, more divine,
 Than that which filled my breast.

I sought thee not in fashion's maze,
 When there thou proudly swayed,
 I'd at a distance sit and gaze,
 And fly to hear them speak thy praise,
 Though I no homage paid.

But when the giddy crowd was gone,
 And silence fell around,
 When you and I were left alone,
 'Twas then my heart gave out its tone—
 There oped its love profound.

I thought thee true—Oh God! the thought
 I cannot drop e'en yet!
 But no! the wee which thou hast brought
 Into my heart, has dearly taught
 Thou art a vain coquette.

Thou wouldst have had me at thy feet,
 A slavish homage pay;
 My adoration to repeat
 In crowds where flattering coxcombs meet,
 In words as vain as they.

To have the world know and approve,
 True love had never tried,
 Its world doth with the loved one move,
 I well could be a slave to love,
 But ne'er a slave to *pride*.

For lack of this, thou callest me cold,
 Nor takest the heart I bring,
 Thou wouldst not see, because not told
 The love that in my bosom rolled,
 But as a worthless thing,

Hast cast it from thee. So farewell
 And when thy heart shall prove
 The fickleness of flattery's spell,
 And with neglect shall vainly swell,
 Remember my deep love.

EVOL.

MUSINGS BY LAMPLIGHT.

"Dreams are such stuff as we are made off."

Free Translation.

It is a queer fact to one who has never before thought of it,
 that we never have seen nor can see more than the one half of

any sphere at one view. The great sun is in the same predicament with the human eye. Let him loom ever so large and shine ever so fiery, and project his rays ever so rapidly, the kindly earth rolls round and draws over us the effectual shield of night—he cannot reach us. One half the earth is ever exempt from his blaze. If he advance upon us Northward and for months gives his continual presence to the pole rolling towards him, it matters not. Stealthy winter is behind him binding in icy chains the regions of the South. He must hasten back to reclaim his lost dominions.

One half of our life is thus spent in absence from the sun. Evening after evening he withdraws his light, and the stars one by one come forth from their hiding places, and the moon looks lovingly in at our windows, and the frost goes silently abroad to work his magic wonders on landscape and tower and tree.

Grateful Night; the time for the student when in cap and gown and slippers, by his shaded solar, he enters the world of mind and does intellectual battle; the time for the social circle around the sparkling hearth, when the tones of friendship and affection are sincerest and sweetest; the time for meditation and devotion, when the soul most readily goes forth to the Father of Spirits and on to the future world.

In these musings, dear reader, you must not expect me to hamper myself by any method. Musings do not go in traces—their motion is saltatory, that is to say, bounding free. If you can perceive anything like even an “emotional connection” in my remarks it will be enough for my purpose. I begin then with the silence of the night which, it seems to me, has never been sufficiently accounted for. The cessation of the ordinary sounds of day, the hum of business, the voices of men and beasts, the noise of myriad insects, may contribute to this in the open walks of life. Sounds at night, too, may be rendered more distinct by the falling of the dew, producing a uniform density of vapor in the atmosphere, when through the day, by unequal evaporation there had been formed strata of different density, hindering the transmission of sound. But will this account for the great silence of one’s room

by night, so small, and shut off from the external world by thick stone walls.

The silence of midnight is often oppressive—it becomes *audible* to the listening ear, and the feeblest sound is magnified into reverberating distinctness.

How beautifully has Longfellow described this in the familiar poem of the Old Clock on the Stairs—

"By day its voice is low and light,
But, in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor" &c.

By the bye, this naturalness of Longfellow's poetry, bringing out continually, so much that calls forth a response from our own feelings, seems to constitute its great excellence. For one, I cannot but esteem it far beyond the metaphysical poetry of the day, and just for this reason. Give me the "Rain in Summer" before Lord's "I know an Isle," "Evangeline" before Tennyson's "Princess;" "The Spanish Student," before Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," and anything of Longfellow before all of Ralph W. Emerson. If one *must* be taught transcendental philosophy, pray let it be in the barbarous diction of a prose Carlyle or else in the original German.

It is not my intention to offer a disquisition on Poetry, yet I cannot forbear quoting the following lines from *Evangeline* in illustration of the excellence of my favorite poet. Moreover these lines relate to Night—the general subject of this lucubration.

"In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain, fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window:
Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the neighboring thunder,
Told her that God was on high and governed the world he created."

No one of my readers I venture has not felt just as *Evangeline* felt, yet never had their feeling expressed so exactly, so beautifully.

If it was my intention to muse on all nightly things, I ought, of course to pay my respects to Luna, queen of night. To this I feel quite inadequate. The beautiful Ode to her Majesty, which appeared in our pages last session, combining all the grace and all the fun of Hood, has however entirely taken away all occasion.

I must gather my inspiration from lamplight and muse as that may suffice.

It is by no means a matter of surprise that ladies are so careful to make provision for "lighting up well;" for beauty is never so exquisite as by lamplight. Beauty in repose, sleeping,—the muscles relaxed, the limbs in a position of their own choosing, the head reclining on an extended arm, the hair fallen over the neck, the bosom heaving with the full tide of dreams, and all bathed in the subdued light of an expiring lamp—

"The flame of a taper, that bows to her,"

and then the subject of it utterly unconscious, forms a picture of personal loveliness, beyond any which other circumstances can produce.

The eye, in dreams, is affected by the objects imagined to be seen, all the same as if actually viewed. This may be the case with the other senses, but with regard to the eye it has been variously proved. This, however, is no more than might be inferred from what often takes place in our waking moments. Let a person with inflamed eyes think of any dazzling object. Let him imagine himself sailing in an open boat on a sunny day. The actual pain produced by the imagined sunlight reflected from the rippling surface, will soon teach him to fix his thoughts on some different scene, as a grassy plain, an evening sky, or a darkened room.

There are various phenomena of dreaming which are quite inexplicable. In dreams we sometimes almost realize the story of the Prince in the Arabian Nights, who put his head under water and drew it out again immediately, and yet thought himself, during this momentary absence, in a strange country where he spent some fourteen years in various employments, passing through many conditions in society. One is often awakened suddenly by the noise of something falling in his chamber. Yet so rapid are our thoughts in sleep and so great our inventive power, the actual occurrence is woven into, and becomes a consistent part, nay, a necessary supplement of a long intricate dream. And yet this is done in so short a time that we are wide awake before the echo of the noise is gone.

One is reminded of those dreamy lines of Præd—

“How strange is sleep when its dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page’s song;”

or of those thrice beautiful lines of Barry Cornwall, which teach that the time we call indefinitely short, higher intelligences may find sufficient to accomplish a variety of purposes—

“There’s not a minute in the round of time
But’s hinged with different music. In that small space
Between the thought and its swift utterance,
Ere silence buds to sound—the angels listening
Hear infinite varieties of song!
And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres
Have flown an evening’s journey.”

Dickens, in the *Pickwick* papers, has a description of the waking of Mr. Winkle, which is very natural, and very amusing in its connection—“The short man did knock again several times, without producing the smallest effect. The tall man growing very impatient then relieved him, and kept on perpetually knocking double knocks of two loud knocks each, like a postman. At length Mr. Winkle began to dream that he was at a club, and that the members being very refractory, the chairman was obliged to hammer the table a good deal to preserve order; then he had a confused notion of an auction room where there were no bidders and the auctioneer was buying everything in; and ultimately he began to think it just within the bounds of possibility that somebody might be knocking at the street door.”

I once had opportunity of making experiments with a sleep-talking room-mate, and was somewhat amused at the result. One night in particular, I remember, George had gone to bed early. He had been for some time asleep, yet restless and often muttering jargon. At length, after I had laid aside my books and sat by the fire stirring the coals and conjuring up spirits from behind the backlog, George commenced an intelligible talk. I found he was out hunting hares in company with a friend Jack, with whom he was conversing. After listening long enough to get the drift of his thoughts, I began to personate Jack, answering George’s questions and asking him others. I found I could guide his mind with ease. He apprehended all I said readily. His replies were

apt and his reasoning perfectly coherent. I was entirely unacquainted with Jack and blundered once in endeavouring to sustain his part. George perceived it immediately, and questioned me about it. My explanation made the matter worse, when George said very significantly—"You dont fool me in that way!" As we walked along through the woods still conversing, George cried out "There go the hares! Call the dogs, Jack, call the dogs, whistle!" "No, you whistle" said I, and forthwith George set up a whistle, which made the whole thing so irresistibly ludicrous, I burst out laughing, which disturbed the sleeper—broke the charm. He turned over, groaned a little, then subsided into sleep again, without becoming sufficiently awake to know what was going on.

Pretty soon he began to talk again, when I found he had changed the scene a hundred miles, and was now making his grandmother auditor.

I personated the venerable lady as well as I could—not knowing her at all, nor her circumstances. The subject was dogs again. His grandmother it seemed had a fine fellow which George wished to take to school. I made many objections, and among others, that his room-mate—myself—had an antipathy to dogs. This George knew when awake—and now acknowledged, but still tried to obviate the objection. Right in the midst of the conversation, I stopped suddenly, woke George and asked him what he was dreaming about. He said "nothing." Then I recounted our conversation and found he had not the slightest recollection of it.

Many inferences might be made from these facts, but I have already trespassed too far on my reader's patience. I must close my musings for to-night.

In concluding permit me to allude to a feeling one often has at night—one of the feelings which seems to intimate the immortality of the soul. I have most frequently experienced it upon suddenly waking in the early night after a short dreamy sleep. It may be a Sabbath night. The moon shines now and then and dimly through the clouds that are flitting by. All is silence, save when a lonely cricket chirps on the hearth, or the dewy breeze

brings from the far off woods the sound of the locust and katy-did. Then it is the mind seems momentarily endowed with supernatural power, runs up and down the whole extent of its being; fills with the recurrences of the past, the dreams of infancy, the visions of youth; and hears an echo coming down from the future pervading the soul with the spirit of prophecy.

COLLEGE SPEAKING.

The following remarks were suggested by the general character of our college speeches. It may perhaps be well to state, in the beginning, for the benefit of those who have never witnessed these performances, that college speeches are emphatically *sui generis*. They possess characteristics that distinguish them from all other kinds of speeches. What I shall say will relate to their distinctive peculiarities alone. It must not be supposed that I wish to disparage the efforts of those, who are now laying the foundation of that greatness which will one day astonish the world. The character of old Nassau Hall for polished and forcible oratory, stands too high in the opinion of the intelligent public, to prevent anything which I could say to affect it. But surely it would lower us less in the estimation of others, to know that we were not faultless, than that we were afraid of the exhibition of our faults. That our style of speaking is radically deficient is acknowledged by all. We listen to our speakers, more from the personal interest which they excite, than from any expectation of gaining knowledge, or fixedness of purpose. But is it absolutely necessary that things should continue in this state? Must we labor and toil to cultivate a style of oratory, which even if carried to perfection will never be of any service to us? Were we to take one of the best specimens of our speakers, and compare him with a prominent popular orator; we would not find the latter merely an improved edition of the former. There is a radical difference between them. The student, when he commences active life, finds that the style of oratory, which he had cultivated

with so much care, is useless. His efforts to "create a sensation" are unavailing. Men will not turn aside from their business to listen to his poetic fancies, and his fine figures. Disappointed in his expectations, he either gives up his childish ambition, or if indeed he possesses that within him *petens alta*, he commences anew, and on the ruins of his former efforts, he labors to rear a superstructure as grand and as imposing as ever excited his youthful aspirations.

The first peculiarity I shall find fault with is the character of the subjects upon which we expend our first efforts. We seem to go on the principle, that the more mystical and antiquated the subject, the more depth and importance the speech will possess. If we compare the schedule of one of our divisions of speakers, with the table of contents of a volume of Channing's essays, what a vast difference we meet with! Were we to judge of the merits of the respective articles from their subjects, the latter would undoubtedly suffer from the comparison. For instance, how imposing is the title, "The esthetic theory of after death existence!" How completely it throws into the shade the simple heading, "Remarks on associations!" Who would have thought that the former was perhaps the first effort of some unfledged writer; while the latter is one of the ablest productions of him who could be said emphatically to "pour a blaze of light" over the commonest subject by the energy of his mind, and the force and brilliancy of his conceptions?

But leaving out the character of the subjects upon which college speeches are written, we find a graver fault in their not being suited for delivery. Many of our speakers are good writers, but owing to the character of their subjects, or to the manner in which they are treated, their speeches are powerless. Much of the composition spoken is of a descriptive or historical character; and however good these may be in their place, in my opinion they should never be used in delivery, by those who are aspiring after fame as orators. Writing of this description is necessary in some cases; but if we wish to cultivate eloquence, the highest kind of oratory, it should not be used. The generality of our speakers, however, do not seem to have a clear idea of the no-

blest quality of an orator. They make great efforts to please the ear and to tickle the fancy; but they do not act as if they were sensible that the highest quality of a speaker is to thrill, to excite, to overpower with a quick succession of bold and vigorous thoughts, and to lead the minds of their hearers by an irresistible impulse, to accept as true some noble, but commonly disregarded principle. To write a speech of this kind, mere skill in the choice of words, delicacy of expression, and the efforts of a sickly imagination will not suffice. It is necessary that there should be the living power implanted in the soul by nature; and the individual besides possessing this foundation, must be wrought up into a pitch of generous enthusiasm, and sublime magnanimity, by continued communion with noble and elevating ideas. He must be familiar with the self sacrificing devotion of the martyr; with the bold, uncompromising energy of the reformer; with the mild and benignant feelings of the philanthropist; and with the deathless and untiring pertinacity of the statesman; until imbibing the spirit of all, he glows with the fiercest emotion at the sight of injured innocence, and outraged humanity, or melts with commiserating tenderness at the misfortunes of helpless and uncomplaining sensibility.

These are the feelings, and this is the state of mind that we must cultivate, if we wish to affect the heart and model the opinions of our hearers. When we are thus prepared we will not be at a loss for subjects. We will not feel any disposition to search among the rubbish of ancient mythology, for some exploded theory upon the beauties of which to expatiate, for the purpose of affording some slight temporary gratification to an audience. We will then rather delight to dwell on subjects upon which we can feel, and make others feel also; and such subjects can never be wanting in an age such as this, when men's minds are active and inquisitive; when such constant changes are going on in public opinion, and when so many theories and schemes are being discussed and exploded in rapid succession.

But it may be said that all persons do not possess the foundation upon which these efforts are to be based in order that they may be successful; and that consequently it is useless for them to

occupy their time in paying attention to the details of a science in which, with all their efforts, they could never rise above mediocrity. This I admit, and I shall even go further and state my belief, that the "elements of a good speaker" are not so common as many seem to suppose. But it is not expected that all should become orators. There are other channels through which an individual may pour forth the creations of his genius, and may thus leave the impress of his character upon his age. Those who do not feel within them an impulse sufficiently strong to carry them through the obstacles which beset the path of the aspirant after oratorical fame, should make use of these. They can spend the time which the orator occupies in attention to his external appearance, in gaining a knowledge of the language, that they may be able to communicate life, attractiveness and grace to that which before was cold, repulsive and chilling. But though writing may be made a servicable agent in the propagation of truth, and in the moulding of the opinions of nations, I do not feel disposed to agree with a distinguished author, in saying that "It is a much higher work than the communication of a gifted intellect in discourse." Printed matter may indeed be circulated throughout the length and breadth of a country, and may exercise an immense influence upon the opinions of millions. But this influence is gradual. A long time must elapse before it can affect the conduct. And now when the minds of men are unsettled by the breaking up of the old order of things; when the most absurd theories, recommended only by their novelty, find a ready access into the minds of thousands, and when the fate of a hemisphere often depends upon the issue of a moment; we need something more than fine writing. We need the orator who can, in a moment settle the wavering minds of his hearers, by his firm and impressive eloquence; who can evince the superiority of truth over the perverted dogmas of proud, self-conceited man, by his lucid exposition and cutting sarcasm, and who can, amid the crash of falling thrones, hush the wild rage of an infuriated populace by the mysterious concentration of energy and heroic determination, in a single sentence.

R.

LESSONS OF THE NIGHT.

Stars! in your burning watch on high,
 What lessons write ye for man's soul?
 Speak ye of Him, whose matchless power
 Doth guide each turning pole,
 Which circles onward—ever on
 In one eternal dance,
 Beyond our vision's keenest ken,
 Or telescopic glance?

Breeze! wandering breath of balmy air!
 Pause by my burning cheek;
 What lesson can your whispering voice
 Unto my spirit speak?
 You are like love—*His* boundless love,
 Which fills all earth and air;
 Which hears the monarch's slightest sigh,
 The beggar's feeblest prayer.

Sweet flowers of Night! pale drooping flowers
 O'er laden with bright dew!
 I fain would glean a simple line,
 A lesson rare, from you!
 Ye fade and die—the slightest breath
 Sweeps off your petals slight,
 So oft die *hopes*—they fade away
 And all is dark as night.

Stars, Breeze, and Flowers! my soul to-night
 Drinks in your slightest tone,
 And bows in gratitude to Him
 Who rules o'er every zone:
 If *earthly* hopes, like summer flowers
 May wither at a breath,
 Then will I bind my choicest ones,
 'Round Him who conquered Death.

C

CHARLES LAMB.*

The economy of human affairs is often strange and mysterious.
 Not unfrequently are we reminded of its analogy to a theatrical

* *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.* By Thomas Noon Talfourd. New York, 1848. Republished from the London edition of *Moxon*.

performance. The audience are enraptured with the exhibition of the play, with the actions of its kings, its queens, its loves, and all, but little do they think of the source whence issue these entertainments. They know nothing of what transpires behind the scenes. Still there is a mystical charm associated with the name of a successful author or actor. Curiosity is eager to linger around its hallowed precincts, and to snatch from secrecy every object within its reach. Almost every family possesses a memorial of some great man, trifling in itself, but "trailing after it a line of golden associations."

Sergeant Talfourd, knowing that the world is full of *relic mongers*, has attempted to gratify them by collecting a series of the relics of a man who is worthy of remembrance. Much as we are opposed to the practice of making public thoughts that were uttered in the confidence of friendship, and were never intended for the world, we must admit that this work is an exception. Talfourd would have acted unjustly had he withheld these "final memorials." They do not tarnish one particle of Lamb's fame, and they invest it with a sacredness which will render his memory "thrice blessed" in the heart of the admirer of all that is lovely in human nature.

The writings of Lamb are distinguished for traces of gentleness, humor, good-natured satire and oddities. They exhibit moreover, specimens of learning and refinement. The unconscious reader before he is half done with them, finds himself under the influence of a strange yet pleasing sorcery. Perhaps no writer of the present century has been so successful in gaining the affections and sympathies of his readers as Lamb. While other authors have been assailed by unmerciful critics, have been buffeted for years, and public opinion has been slow in pronouncing correct judgment and awarding to them their just dues, Charles Lamb, as soon as he appeared, became a favorite with all classes of readers; whether as an essayist, a wit, or a critic, the same bewitching influence accompanies all his words. He once quaintly remarked, that *Gulliver's Travels* "keep the mind in a placid state of little wonderments." This may aptly be said of his own writings. We are delighted with his gentleness. We

are surprised at the original dress in which he clothes a familiar thought; we laugh at his oddities, and we soon accumulate a vast fund of charity which more than covers all his sins.

We have already alluded to the misfortunes of authors. The history of literature reveals a striking similarity in their circumstances. Each man who is to enjoy fame seems to be destined to bear also its equipoise of reproach. Calumny is never so active and so eager of success as when she declares war against a truly great man. No wonder that Dean Swift said of fame: "I have a strong inclination before I leave the world to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers seldom reach till we have gotten into our graves." How often is it true that when an author holds the cup of pleasure, mantling with its richest nectar, the frowns of a cold-hearted world come between him and its honied brim?

The writings of Lamb at one time seemed to contradict the general dogma that an author must support an equilibrium of fame and reproach. All men praised, no one blamed him. Here was apparent bliss. But alas how little does one man know of the anguish that lacerates the breast of another."

If these "Memorials" had been withheld, Lamb would never have been fully known. They consist of familiar letters addressed to a few of his most intimate friends, and constitute in fact a condensed autobiography. We learn that at an early age he was employed as a clerk in the "India House." Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others, soon discovered in him marks of genius, and encouraged him to persevere in literary pursuits. But his employers made violent opposition to his favorite inclinations and attempted to check his youthful aspirations. He once exclaimed: "Is it not hard, this dread dependence on the low-bred mind?" But he had other trials. His father had become almost helpless, and depended entirely on him for support. The few spare moments that he would gladly have devoted to literary pursuits, were claimed by the infirm father, who was unwilling to give him a moment's rest from playing cards, and when Charles on a certain occasion begged for a little time to write, his father replied, "If you won't play with me you might as well not come

home." Lamb says this was "unanswerable." But this was not all. His sister was afflicted with insanity. At certain seasons she required constant watching. In an unguarded moment she killed her mother. Here was a concentration of domestic afflictions powerful enough to consume the spirit of any man, but Lamb's character now shines with greater lustre than ever before. His sister of course was exempt from punishment by law for this horrid act; she became at once to him an object of the tenderest solicitude. He discovered traces in her character which endeared her to himself more than ever before. In her lucid intervals he sought every occasion to spend his time with her. She seemed in fact to be a part of himself. Sergeant Talfourd in alluding to the annual holiday which Lamb was accustomed to take, and which was often the precursor of the recurring insanity of the sister, speaks as follows:

"When they ventured to take it, a *straight-waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion*. Sad experience, at last, induced the abandonment of the annual excursion; and Lamb was contented with walks in and near London, during the intervals of labor. Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood, premonitory symptoms of the attack, in restlessness, low fever, and the inability to sleep; and as gently as possible, prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery! On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them, slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, *both weeping bitterly*, and found on inquiring of them, that they were taking *their solemn way to the accustomed Asylum*."

We may search the annals of history in vain to find a more touching instance of affection, the sacrifices which he made in behalf of his sister have a tenfold interest when we remember that they were made at the time when he was writing the "Essays of Elia." The diamond possesses a painful interest when we are told that it was dug up by the down-trodden Slave of Borneo, so these mental pearls will be enhanced in value when

we remember that they were dug up by a mind over which brooded the curse of a petty despotism, and which was borne down by the most terrible domestic afflictions. But Lamb determined "to take what pleasure he could between the acts of his distressful drama." When Hercules saw that the venom of the hydra was consuming his flesh he exhibited signs of rage and fury, but when a far more deadly poison was consuming the spirit of Lamb, he murmured not. He was the same "gentle Charles," in all circumstances. He experienced sorrow, but was too generous to proclaim it to the world. He wended his way as Coleridge says, "with patient soul, through evil and pain and strong calamity."

The great beauty in his character was *consistent* patience. No one could charge him with stoical indifference to the pleasures which he so freely sacrificed. He seemed indeed to be free from the fouler passions which disgrace humanity. His every act bore the impress of a pure and honest heart. His heroic conduct towards his sister and father was the offspring of a high sense of duty. His associates retain delightful reminiscences of his conduct in private life. Hazlitt once said of him: "His serious conversation like his serious writing is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep eloquent things, in half a dozen sentences; his jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play on words."

There is what the eloquent Bucher would call an *upholstered* virtue. It is often displayed and at first view commands admiration. The eye gazes on it for a little while, and then aching turns to something more substantial. "Headaches" and "heart-aches," were the constant companions of Lamb. There is no doubt that his death was hastened by the unhappy condition of his sister. She was not entirely unworthy of his devotion, but was endowed with sterling qualities. Her mind was shattered, "but the fragments were like the jeweled speeches of Congreve, only shaken from their setting." She survived her brother eleven years. The writings of Lamb will long be cherished, when it is remembered that they are the productions of "the bright minutes which he strung on the thread of keen domestic anguish."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I love to sit at close of eve,
Around my cheerful hearth,
And listen to the spirit voice,
Unmoved by cares of earth ;
I love the wakeful dreams that then
Upon the spirit throng,
To tell of coming hours of joy,
And happiness ere long.

I love to dream of future bliss,
And think my prospects fair,
I love such dreams though dreams they be,
Of castles in the air ;
To grasp the hand of friends, from whom
I have been severed long,
And know that grasp gives earnest sure
Of friendship deep and strong :

To wander to my childhood's home,
On memory's beaten track,
And meet from friends the dearest far,
A hearty welcome back ;
But more than all I love to roam
In fancy by her side,
Whom from my early youth, I've hoped
To claim my future bride.

I love to hear her soft sweet voice
Fall on my spirit's ear,
I love to see her fairy form
Before mine eyes appear :
To hear her chide in kindly tones
My long protracted stay,
And sigh that she is left behind
While I am far away.

I love these unsubstantial things,
These castles in the air ;
They soothe the mind with thoughts of bliss
And banish worldly care.
It may be folly, yet I love
Day dreams of peace and joy,
To dream, though dream I ever must
Of bliss without alloy.

Y. H. D.

PATHETISM AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

The progress which Science has made since the great German Reformation, has not a parallel in all the previous history of the race. Its triumphs over obstacles once deemed insuperable, have spread so far and so rapidly, that the mind can hardly keep pace with them. Barriers so formidable that they once defied the utmost efforts of human capacity to overcome them, have yielded at the first blow of modern intellectual enterprise. Ignorance has been scattered from the minds of millions as by the breath of some philanthropic magician. Superstition no longer flaps his dark wings over us, as he once shadowed with mystic obscurations, the groves of classic Greece, and the halls of Imperial Rome: and the science of Moral Philosophy, over which Aristotle threw the spell of his mighty enchantment, has been amplified and established on immovable premises.

The vast fields of astronomical science have been to some extent explored. Geology has made communications that startle the imagination of the most speculative. The earth and the seas are yielding up the treasures of knowledge, entrusted to their mighty keeping at the creation.

But no science promises to contribute more to the general happiness and improvement of society, than that of mental philosophy. For many ages it opened a field, on which intellectual gladiators met to display their dexterity in the use of the lighter weapons of intellectual warfare. But to society in general, it mattered not who was defeated or who proved victorious. Of late years, however, and particularly since the inductive system has begun to be understood and unfolded, men every where feel intense interest in the result of these intellectual encounters. The influence of ancient opinions and theories, on the human mind, is not yet fully dissipated. It is considered a proof of extraordinary moral courage to trust one's self on the ocean of scientific inquiry out of sight of ancient light-houses and beacon-fires. To pass beyond the regions of knowledge, whose limits were fixed by the mystic Plato, or the logic of the Stagirite, is regarded still as a specimen of heroism, worthy of those chivalric days, when bold

knight-errants, in coats of steel and belts of gold, won the title to their "fair ladie's hand," "in the imminent deadly breach, or on the stormy battle-field." The objection is even now considered valid, when urged against any scientific announcement: "It is new; if it were based on truth our ancestor would have discovered it long ago. It is folly in the extreme, to imagine a presumption in its favor." Such are the arguments advanced, to impede the progress of the most wonderful, the most beneficent of modern discoveries; I refer of course to the discovery of the existence of the science of Pathetism. Whatever names we may be pleased to give, either seriously or in derision, to the laws and phenomena of this science, no man can resist the evidence which they furnish, of their own manifold operations and genial power; nor the conclusions to which they inevitably lead every truly candid and highly cultivated mind.

But not to delay too long upon the abstract principles of the science, let us refer to the experiments, and to the unexceptionable character of the witnesses, which prove to our satisfaction and delight, that theories in this case, are but the exponents of facts. Let us appeal to one instance, only, at present.

A wire had been attached by the ends to two large buildings and to that part of their roof which was immediately over the sleeping apartments of two individuals. One of these was a professor, whose mind might be called an encyclopedia of knowledge. The other was his pupil, whose cranium, on the contrary, there is reason to believe, was a perfect vacuum. The latter covered his head at night, with a silken cap, secured by an elegant steel clasp. It is well known that electricity is the communication between minds, just as between bodies, only that in the former case it assumes a more subtle form than in the latter. One summer evening the professor and his scholar retired to rest as usual; the one proud of his vast acquisitions, the other almost despairing of ever reaching the heights of literary distinction. During the night a tremendous thunder-storm burst upon the town. The electric fluid collected on the wire suspended between the buildings; and owing to the superior muscular force of the scholar, a rapid commerce was started between his brain and the brain of

the professor. The learned doctor was soon dispossessed of his riches, more precious to him than pearls or rubies. The pupil's cranium, became the magazine of stores, collected from the famous wisdom of Athens and of Rome. What was their astonishment in the morning, to find that they had, too truly, exchanged relations. He who the day before was the "great doctor," is now pupil to him who the day before knew next to nothing. His sudden acquisitions, excited suspicions in the minds of the less informed around him, that he was indulged with some infernal agency, and learned thus the mysteries with which Newton and La Place, Euclid and Herschell, became familiar, only after years of profound study.

Such instances bear on their front, a clearness of demonstration, which the most skeptical may not resist. An intelligent and ingenuous searcher after truth, would distrust the teachings of his senses, the impressions on his organs of sight or touch, or hearing, sooner than distrust experiments so conclusive. The philosophical explanations of these and similar phenomena, are too lucid to permit the possibility of error. The benefits which they possess, in the course of the progress of this science, will be found commensurate with the opposition which has striven to wrest them from the human family. They cannot yet be fully appreciated. As we cannot estimate the abundance of the harvest which a single seed may produce; nor make real to our imaginations the bloom of blossoms and the flower of fruits, which shall beautify the landscape, and nourish the inhabitants who gaze with thanksgiving upon the promise of the crop, by the computation of the dimensions of the sprout which we may have planted; neither can we form a conception of the luxuriant foliage, and the purple fruit, which the tree of this science shall in some distant age, produce for the comfort and delight of future generations. Advance then, favored inheritors of possessions so magnificent! Generations of men, who shall rise amidst the splendors of some distant century, when knowledge and virtue shall share the dominion of the earth; we bid you welcome to the shades and perfumes of that tree, which our hands have planted, and whose branches shall then spread out, broad as the heavens. And, when Bacon,

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and Locke, and Herschell, and La Place shall have been forgotten, for ages; and their lauded achievements shall be deemed the memorials of their comparative ignorance; when the names of Shakespear and Milton, shall have sunk beneath the waves of oblivion; then the science of Pathetism shall unfold to universal man, the mysteries of knowledge which have been hidden since the world began. Auspicious period! The golden age of Truth! The millenium of the progress of Intellect. Conducted by the Genius of Pathetism, the hurrying ages shall enter the labyrinths of science. Its dark and tortuous caverns shall flame with the light of this transcendant science. Its torch shall fill the earth and the seas with radiant beams. Its magic wand shall brush suns and stars aside, and display to the wondering gazers, the immensities of space, corruscated by constellations of burning spheres. The pathetic science has a strong hold on our sympathies. Its discovery is truly worthy of the nineteenth century, and of the American genius. It claims a close relationship, both with respect to the land of its nativity, and to the influence of its developement, to the grand elements of progress for which our day and country are eminently distinguished.

Whilst the iron horse rushes, with the velocity of the winds, through our valleys and across our plains, "charming the red lightning" with his steel shod hoof; while the steamships plough their way through the pathless tracks of ocean; conveying safely and swiftly the commerce of a hundred ports, to distant climes; whilst the telegraph flies over commonwealth and kingdom, to ferret out the foot-prints of guilt, to publish tidings of national rejoicing or disaster, to tell the distant and the tossed in strange lands or strange seas, the happiness of secure firesides; whilst freedom is spreading her peaceful, glorious institutions over every land beneath the sun; *Pathetism* fills the human bosom with the delight of cherished communion with friends, and binds the universe together in affection and sympathy.

What is it that breathes such gentle emotions, such a delicious calm into the soul, when the Sirocco has swept over the crushed hopes of the heart? What is it, we ask, but the gentle spirit of Pathetism? When in distant climes, greeted only by strange

voices, and looking only on strange features, the soul feels the longing for familiar tones and smiles, what is it that awakens in the chambers of memory and imagination, the echoes of tones, which died long before on the ear, but the harp of Pathetism?

It is hardly proper to investigate the principles of the science. Investigation has long since given place to the practical operations daily witnessed in various portions of the country. Discovery has yielded to history. Theory is silent; results announce and vindicate hypotheses. The philosophy of the system is taught in the experience of the generation; in the *seen* and *felt effects* of the system. Philanthropy can ask no more; the imagination has as yet reached no higher conception of the truly beneficial and useful. In the every day walks of life we may see, each hour, the progress and triumphs of the Pathetic system. A friend of ours whose life had been rendered wretched beyond description, and who had spent her earnings in the profession of medicine in vain, for cures, was relieved in an hour by Professor Sunderland. Neuralgic affections cease their tortures, at *his* mighty bidding. It was a scene of magnificence rarely equaled, never surpassed, which we witnessed in the large Hall, in Philadelphia, of which Professor Sunderland was not the least important figure. Two thousand ladies, beautiful as two thousand stars, sat silent and hushed before him. He spoke to them of the vast responsibility of his labors, and their vast benefit; of the philanthropic influence of his opinions, and their supernal origin. They listened, breathless, to his eloquence. In a moment he stretched forth his hand over the brilliant group before him. They began to move in mystic silence towards him. It was a scene which could gladden the most indifferent heart to human misery. In one instance, he drew, without force, and beyond the reach of competition, three and thirty incisor, molar, and —— instruments of mastication, from the pearly caverns of a single mouth.

The murmur of admiration and applause rose on the air, soft at first as the breathings of an Eolian lyre, then swelled to a thousand thunders; and the echo summoned the universal race to rise and gird themselves for the glorious destiny, which, with good omens and bright auspices, has now begun.

With long, patient, and minute observations, much may yet be done to perfect a practical acquaintance with the true principles of pathetism. Its invisible laws may be reduced to docile subjection to our wishes, and may thus administer to our happiness. The man who shall first survey this bright track of science, and shall guide the rushing generations to the eminence to which it leads, he first of all men shall secure supremacy in the world of mind, and shall be able to strike the key-note of that sublime melody whose base is the diapason of the universe.

THE FREE SPIRIT.

Man, with all his sin and degradation,
 With all his saddening contradictions,
 Is still the cherish'd child of God. Though he
 Upon the fair creation never looks,
 Though his dull mind be one to which the dewy
 Fields, the cataract stupendous, the snow-capt
 Mountain and e'en the holy blue o'erhead
 Speak their majestic teachings—all in vain;
 Though lovely Nature drest in glowing robes
 Fails to arouse within his sordid breast
 One elevated thought or warm desire;
 Though her appealing voice awakens not
 The heavy ear, nor her glad scenes delight
 The bleared eye; though her warm breath upon
 His brow flush not the cheek, nor her bright eye
 Fire within his ashy heart th' slumb'ring coal
 The heat Promethean, the heavenly flame;
 Still, to relieve the wants imperative
 In man, Nature was made in beautiful,
 Glorious adornment.

But while we know
 That this material universe, far
 As it extends, was made to satisfy,
 In some degree, our strong, our deep desires
 For beauty, grandeur and sublimity;
 If we, considering man's nature, make
 This earth, o'er which he roams, his final rest,
 We greatly err. Why should we call the porch
 Of some vast Gothic pile, the end for which
 Those solemn arches into being sprang?
 Why should we make this small spheroid th' centre
 Around which planets and suns unnumbered
 Roll in the dread profound of space? No! all,

All that points out to us man's destiny,
 All that whispers strangely to his hushed
 Soul, that great word—Immortality—all
 That giveth him brotherhood with angels,
 And surely marks him as a child of God,
 Is his free spirit.

Spirit free as air,
 'Tis this that gems his lengthen'd, upward path,
 Through all the weary ages of the past,
 With sparkling pearls of light; and fills his breast,
 E'en in death's last throes, with exultation.
 Though social institutions, with strong
 Fetters, chained the spirit down to ill,
 Disdaining all such chains, it burst away,
 "Prometheus Unbound," and sought new realms,
 Where Truth and Right dwelt 'neath a clearer sky,
 With atmosphere untainted by the fell
 Malaria. When girt about by those
 Who yelled with frantic joy to see
 The ashes of its peace; like fabled bird,
 It disconcerted all, and turned their smiles
 To rage, springing away to freshened life,
 Immortal, deathless as before.

And so,
 When sorrowful, we gazed upon the thousand
 Battle-fields which sent their horrid clamor
 To the ear of Heaven, and stained the breast
 Of Earth with blood; all that could reconcile
 Us to the painful, blasting sight, was seeing
 Freedom's cherished altar, the grand prize
 For which the countless legions strove or died.
 Through all the cycles sun has measured out
 To man, since that distinguished morning,
 When, midst the chorus of the heavenly choir,
 He, in delight, first breathed the holy air
 Of Eden—to this sad hour, when the wail,
 (Borne on the winds that fan the face of ocean)
 From Europe's cities, tells that free men fall
 In Freedom's cause,—all that nerved the arms
 And fired the burning hearts of earnest,
 Thoughtful men, has even been the deathless love
 Of the soul's birth-right, *Liberty of Spirit!*
 This is the gift divine, that links each hero
 In the world's dread fight to every other
 Mind congenial; though ages vast roll
 Their deep tide between, each grasps his brother's
 Hand and passes on the startling watch-word:
 And nations in the night's dark stillness hear
 The sound of their admonitory words,
 And wait with joy to see the early blush
 Of Freedom's wished-for dawn! This is the gift
 Which angels share with man, whether they wing
 Their flashing way 'mong sapphire worlds on high,

Or walk, with feeble, trembling man on earth,
 As unseen guardian spirits, to cheer
 His troubled way to that far nobler state,
 When every fetter will drop off the soul,
 And the glad spirit shall be free forever.

STANZAS.

Must we who've met so oft in joy,
 Now part at length in pain,
 And vows I've uttered from a boy
 Must I ne'er breathe again ?
 There was a time when thus to leave
 Had roused a deeper sigh
 When it had made thee wildly grieve
 To know I was not nigh,
 But now how sadly changed thy heart,
 I could not then believe,
 That ever thus we twain should part,
 That you would e'er deceive.

It seems a cruel mockery thus,
 When wounded is my heart,
 When one cold word has severed us,
 And I e'en now depart :
 When blighted is the fondest hope,
 That gladdened younger days,
 That nerved my soul with cares to cope
 Amid life's devious ways :
 To call a childish freak, the vow
 To link our future lot,
 And think when lightly broken now,
 'Twill easy be forgot.

You bid me seek another's smile,
 And list another's vow,
 But oh ! the hopes I've nursed ere while,
 I may not cherish now.
 The confidence that blessed my youth
 I ne'er can feel again,
 I've trusted once to woman's truth,
 And trusted to my pain.
 The wound will rankle while I live,
 Until my sun hath set,
 For though I freely may forgive,
 I never can forget.

Then e'er we part, forever part,
 One word I fain would speak,
 E'en though it make the life-blood start
 And mantle on thy cheek.

With others' feelings never dare
 To tamper as with mine,
 If for their sake you will not spare,
 I pray at least for thine.
 For if by one man's path be crossed
 Ill as it is beset,
 To all regard, all pity lost,
 It is a false coquette.

B. R. W.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH due *self-abasement*, gentle reader, we follow in our turn—but tremble not, our stories shall be short. We know full well the music that is in a "*Final's*" voice, and would not break the charm.

We have not a heart to ask that Horace should leave you, and that the notes of his peaceful lyre, should be exchanged for our college gossip. There is a *meaning* in those notes, and *wise* is that Soph who *understands it well*. And of you, whose ardent imaginations have gone on *asymptotical* journeys, we only ask that ye rein up your panting steeds for a few moments, and hear a word from Nassau. Spurn not the tidings from these classic shades, ye who are holding communion with the *stars*—and list we pray to meaner men, ye who have risen above the darkness which broods over common minds, and are holding intercourse with Locke, Stewart and Brown in the pure empyrean which floats above us. Though our words may "grate harsh discord" in your ears, yet as Editors we *must* speak. Alas, the duty! Would that we had something interesting to say.

When from the hat in which had been shaken together the names of these four beings in the form of Editors, we drew the fourth prize, the thought occurred to us that there must be a tide in the affairs of *Editors* as well as *men*, and that it is most decidedly in *our* favour. Far in the dim future, we beheld the day of our appearing without a cloud to obscure its light; and yet we knew that along with it many severe trials must come, but we hoped ere its arrival we should have our armour on, ready for them all. But as it "*nearer and still nearer*" came, we caught the sound of innumerable *mutterings*, the prelude of a storm. We looked for shelter, but beheld there was none.

Now reader if you think this is all gammon, just ask the opinion of any *ex officio* Editor—we submit it to him. Occasionally we were permitted to look in upon *them*, we heard "the groans that rent their breasts" but could not

divine the cause. Before them were massive piles of poems, essays, reviews and philosophical discussions; which in point of number and dimensions at least, it would seem might satisfy any moderate desire. But we soon found there was responsibility in the work. The idea is over-powering, that upon the act of one man's choice hangs the destiny of such a vast collection of mental treasures—treasures which must live and speak to generations yet unborn, or which must go down to unmerited oblivion. This thought for a long time weighed heavily upon us. By day and night have we fancied the downcast look on many a face, where but for our narrow limits, smiles might *perhaps* (?) appear. Murdered hopes haunted us in our slumbers, and our only solace was in the thought, that hopes, poems and essays would all be "eloquent, even in ruins." It is hard when one has laboured to bring forth some noble thought, and made it speak upon the page, to find that by one stroke of the editor's pen, its soul has departed, its voice is hushed forever.

With what care had every I been dotted—every sentence smoothly turned—every mark inserted except it may be now and then the *quotation marks*. And yet *all*, *all* goes glimmering into obscurity at the will of him who wears the official garb. No wonder then, that such as have some petted offspring in his hands, eye him "askance" as they meet him in the "college campus"—no wonder that he seems to "tread in banquet halls *deserted*." He holds no common position, and of this, be assured, he is *keenly* sensible. Oh had ye been blest with editorial vision, and been in the Red Chamber, what scenes would ye not have witnessed. About us ye might have seen the "*muscs nine*," and ye could have marked the anxiety, such as sits only on a muse's brow, as we took our pen and prepared to blot from existence some of their choicest fruits. Alas! ye that would be editors ye know not what ye ask! And ye who have nought but sneers with which to greet him, for you we raise the prayer of him who said "Oh, that my enemy would write a book!"—suited to our mind it is, oh that any fault-finding Senior would get out a "Literary."

'Twas late at night when our readers *should* have been in the arms of the "sleepy god," that a full sense of our condition broke in upon us, and we gave vent to our feelings in the following

EDITOR'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from sleep and all its pleasures,
Land of dreams we left forlorn;
To increase our mental treasures
On our heads we scratched till morn.

Men in College bored and quizzed us,
Asked, "when *will* your work appear?"
But though lolling to receive it,
They would not aid, nay only sneer.

Since of thought they're void as ever
What are student's rights we ask,

Editors to vex and bother,
While "*poling*" o'er their thankless task!

Station high, its honour dazzling,
Cannot take away the shame,
Which *some* senseless essays coming,
Cause to burn upon our brain.

Are there as ye sometimes tell us
Powerfull minds in Nassau Hall?
Oh that by some means, good gracious,
We could get the proof withal!

Think not Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen,
Think not Seniors must do all;
Though you may not *much* enlighten,
Mites are mites, *if they are small*.

"Hark!" ye answer—"what's the rumpus,
Venting thus your incensed ire?
Lashing every man among us;
No such language can be bear."

We foreseeing what vexations,
Editors must undergo,
Do these gentle maledictions
For *their* comfort cast on you.

Deem our station "*buck*" no longer,
Till some reason ye can find,
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than any we have now in mind.

Sons of Nassau, these bad dealings
Tarnish much your boasted powers;
Henceforth *write* those noble feelings,
And complaint no more is ours.

It may seem that the sentiments here expressed, are not in keeping with what was said of those intellectual monuments which arose before our brother editors, but when we state it as a "*træ fact*," that the one before *us* can be taken in at a glance, it will be seen that we had some reason for complaint. Three editors have gone before us, and *rudely* gleaned the field; however the "Editors' box" they did not disturb, whether they have sometime been frightened at those skeleton forms which lurk there, labelled "Merit," "Party Spirit," "Lines to Amanda," or for some other reason we know not; suffice it to say, it was our constant resort, and of its contents you will find a part in our columns, upon a part we have a word to say, but upon the remaining portion humanity will not suffer us to lift the veil.

The first in order of their arrival, is entitled "A Tour through the wilds of N. Jersey." As the style is somewhat *novel*, we will give the opening sentence. "It was a cold, though pleasant day in January last, the snow lay deep upon the ground, the bells were ringing merrily in every direction, when Jack

and I set off," &c. We regret it cannot appear entire; however, "taverns" were passed, people astonished—Bar-room *soirees* attended, and finally he rushes out with a vulgar crowd upon some track in the snow, and the last is seen of him, he is crawling under a *barn* after what proves to be a—cat! *Lofly deed* for a son of Nassau! We leave him to his grazing, for the *truthfulness* of his story is all that can recommend it.

Our next is a "Specimen of a Valedictory."

But alas! the point! Does our author offer it as a burlesque? If so he failed. Or does he hold it forth as a "specimen" to arrest the eyes of those who hold *Vales* in their hands, and thus for at least *three and one half* years stand as a candidate for that honor? His idea is just about as definite as the "old dame's" test for good indigo, which "Knickerbocker" speaks of: we give it in his own words. "You see, you must take the lumps and peūdner 'em up, e'en a' most tew a peūdner, and then sprinkle the peūdner on top of a pan of water, and if the indigo is good it'll 'ither sink or swim, and I've forgot which."

The Essay on the "Doctrine of Causation," is one of considerable merit, but the author upon reflection will see that it is not suitable for our Magazine. Its merits would be better appreciated at an Institution *not many miles from this*, where such subjects are daily discussed. But we must leave the region of *prose* and hold a short interview with those who companion with the Muses.

We have a word for "Darmitor," respecting his "Ode to the Morning Prayer Bell." We are pleased with his *theme*, to say the least. But it reminded us of the old lady, whose Pastor (strange to say) was terribly dull and senseless in his discourses, and when returned from church she felt that something must be said in his favor, in order to secure for him the respect of her children, and this at last became her constant encomium, "what a *fine text* Parson L. had to-day." But we would not be too severe, it has some merit aside from "the text." We will quote a stanza or two.

"Hark! is that the spirit harp I hear,
With its merry sound,
Breathing delicious music on the air?
'Tis not the harp notes to which my soul* doth bound
Gushing forth 'neath the touch of skillful hands;
That trembles, wavers,
Shouts in thunder peals;
Then in soft melodies
Descending dies,
Binding my soul in harmonious bands.

Our space will not allow us to insert but one more and we choose the following.

Sweet sleep! That sound hath torn me from thy charms,
And in visions bright my Daphnes arms.

* Query. Would it not be more correct to put *body* in the place of *soul*, as written above?

Accursed sound,
 Ringing round,
 With thy deluding numbers,
 Calling forth bright slumbers,
 Heaven-born dreams.

Sweet imagination's angels,
 Which through the vale of sleep doth gleam—
 To set and shiver, hearening to the prayer,
 As on the scaffold does the murderer."

• • • • •
 Toll on! toll on! from thy belfry toll!
 Thy sadning notes in pealing thunders roll,
 I go accursed bell!
 To sleep's ambrosial bower,
 To dreams enrapturing the hour."

"The Emblem" we cannot publish, for we could not expound the last stanza if called on to do so.

The essay on "Development of Moral Energies necessary to a Nation's Welfare," we regret our space will not allow us to insert.

But we can proceed no farther in our notices. Alas! for the neglected ones. To you we can only say, sink not in despair. Remember what is told of Sheridan. At his first failure he stamped his foot upon the floor, and exclaimed, "it is in me, and I swear it shall come out." Go and do ye likewise, only don't *swear* about it. "Hope on, hope ever."

Our most grateful acknowledgements we cheerfully pay to those Sons of Old Nassau who, though not with us, are yet of us. They will ever be welcome, thrice welcome to our Magazine.

The end of another session is near at hand, its history will soon be recorded, then you can read it for yourselves. But we cannot take our leave without expressing our thanks to those who have favored us with music at our "College speaking." To *all* it must have been highly pleasing, but to those who trembled on the stage, its value cannot be *told*—we know it was *felt*. In former times the muse of Poetry, Art, and Eloquence was made a welcome guest at these Senior entertainments; but now Orpheus has come with his lyre and thrown over us the spell of its enchantment. When a dull monotony become oppressive,

"Then music with her silver sound
 With speedy help did lend redress."

And when for a finale the flute, viol and organ breathed forth that sweet imitable air "Home Sweet home" we thought of scenes now close in view. Wishing for all the realization of your hopes in vacation we bid you good evening. "Call around."

EDITOR.

* His
 Revoluti
 Harpers